

Robert Earl Keen

"No Kinda Dancer"

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The first of the month
Brings back the notion
Of a big round white dance hall
And a cool summer night
Red cherry faces set black shoes in motion
To the oom pa pa rythm of a German delight

And I tried hard to tell you I was no kinda dancer
'Took my hand to prove I was wrong
You guided me gently
Though I thought I could never
We were dancing together at the end of the song

A taught little bald man
Like a German war hero
With buxom matrons to a quick John Paul Jones
Drapes of crepe paper
A ball made of mirrors
Cast shiny reflections on a brass slide trombone

And I tried hard to tell you I was no kinda dancer
'Took my hand to prove I was wrong
You guided me gently
Though I thought I could never
We were dancing together at the end of the song

A man was still dancing
With his phantom partner
Though the band had quit playing
At the evening's end
And it made me feel lucky that I had a partner
To teach me the dance steps
And come back again

And I tried hard to tell you I was no kinda dancer
'Took my hand to prove I was wrong
You guided me gently
Though I thought I could never
We were dancing together at the end of the song

And I tried hard to tell you...
'Took my hand to prove I was wrong

You guided me gently
Though I thought I could never
We were dancing together at the end of the song

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